

A New-Years-Gift

R O R

T O W N Z E R .

Being a *Strange* and *Monstrous Beast* sent from *Pluto* by his Ambassador *Belphegor* to *R. L. S.* having Twelve Heads, and on every Head a Thousand Horns; With a Description of the Beast, and an Explanation of the several Names of the Heads of the Monster.

UPON the intimation of *Belphegor*, at a grand Consult held in *Pluto's* Infernal Palace, the Black Hall of *Erebus*, of the great and many Services, a certain instrument of his black Highness had done for the good of his said Highness, and for the benefit and advancement of the Affairs of his Kingdom, in disturbance of the peace, tranquility and unity of the People where he dwells, by Talking and Writing; it being now a time, in which his footy Highness used to gratify his ready Servants, he caused *Belphegor* to take a certain Beast out of his own Stable, for a Present to be sent to *R. L. S.* his dearly beloved instrument, to shew his gratitude, and to encourage his said Instrument and Operator to proceed; and an Order was, by the said Counsel, drawn up, for a Pass for *Belphegor*, to go as *Pluto's* Ambassador, to present this *Strange* infernal *Hobby-Horse* (on which *Pluto* sometimes used himself to ride, when he went a *Maggor-hunting*) on the upper Stage of the World, to his beloved *R. L. S.* which rare beast was received, by the said useful instrument of his infernal Highness, with great respect, at the hands of his Ambassador *Belphegor*, acknowledging the high honour done him by many humble Remonstrances, promising to continue, to the utmost of his power, his most humble Servant. And having feasted *Belphegor* with the fumes of *Cia* and *Bamphkin*, and some other the like *Regalia's*, and returned as a Present to his dark Highness, 3000 *Observations* in 82 Volumes, with an humble Petition for a Licencers Place in *Tar-rarus*, and a promise how diligent he would be in his Office, he dismissed *Belphegor* to his satisfaction; and he caused his *Strange* Beast, or 12 headed Monster to be locked up in his *Aviary* or *Bird-Cage*, in which he used to keep his harmonious, airy Notions, against whose Wires he used to rub the *Sr. Gyls* 3 cat's Noses, and where he causes him to be daily, fed with *Dissenters* Livers, and *Protestant Hearts*, and where he is to be seen by all the World for a Penny a time, twice a Week, but on *Holy-days* at a Groat or Six Pence.

This Beast is of a *Motley* Breed being begot by *Cerberus* on *Pope Joan*; it has much the shape of his Father, somewhat bodied like a Dog, but spotted like a *Leopard*, with the Claws of a *Lion*, and Tayl of a *Beaver*; instead of Three Heads he has a whole Jury of Twelve, on one great Neck like a *Bulls*. He has somewhat of his Dam in some of his Heads, having a *Masqued Face*, and a kind of a *Romish* Voice, belonging to most of them. He is perpetually in motion, almost night and day, and ever since the Squire has had him, he flies about his Cage like a *Squirrel*: He desires very much to have some of the Breed, and has sent to the Tower, by *Madam Celers*, for some of the Monsters there kept, that they may copulate to have Issue, and that he might have something new to shew his infernal Highness, when he shall appear before him. The conditions of this Beast are somewhat *Strange*, for he will fawn on his Master like a *Spaniel*; but if he sees a *Whig* or *Protestant Dissenter*, he grows outrageous, and so turbulent and restless, barking, roaring and chattering, that he is enough to affright one that does not know him; his heads sleep by turns, some of them are ever on the Watch, making faces and grimaces, turning themselves into several mimical postures and shapes. He is very cruel where he can fix his Paws, and will devour 10 men at a Meal, if he could come at them. He hides his Claws like a Cat, till he can seize his Prey, and then he seldom lets go without drawing Blood. Do but whistle the Tune of a *Parliament*, he pricks up his Ears, stretches out his Tayl, his hair stands Tayl up an end, he ruffs the Wind like a *Wild Bull*, and runs about as if he were mad; but if you name *Ignoramus*, being some Spell that works upon him, he falls a farting, that you may hear him from the upper end of *Holborn* as far as *Wapping*: He has several other Qualities too tedious to rehearse: but when he is best pleased, he runs butting with his 12000 Horns against every object; shew him but a *Pamphlet*, and he runs at it with might and main, his Heads are harder than a *Roman Ram*, and for a *Wakeman* Bribe he has promised the *F. Ambassador* to lend it to his Master to beat down the Walls of *Luxembourg*; but he is first, as an Essay of his Strength, to overthrow a thing called *Government* at home, which is very strong and well-set,

and

and at which he is continually butting, tho as yet he has been able to direct little. Some having exposed against his Horns whole Reames of Paper, defended by Charmes wrote in Ink, and Printed upon them, which oftentimes sets him on his Tayl, to observe another opportunity. His general name is *Towzer*, (some call him *Trinkelo*) some say he is a Mungril, some a Mastiff, some a Bull-Dog, others that he is but a Whiffing Cur, but I have already told you his Extraction, tho I cannot tell you who first gave him the name of *Towzer*. His 12 Heads have 12 several names, and are of several Natures, which I shall explain to you, belonging to the Dog *Towzer*, under which name all are comprehended.

The first Head is called *Hodge*, and he no sooner hears himself called upon, but he presently opens his Mouth, and belches out *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Killain*, *Traytor*, *Whore*, *Dissenter*, *Kebel*, with a thousand the like Names: This Head *Towzer* made use of to invent *Cit* and *Bumpkin* to abuse both City and Country; 'tis a Clownish name under a gentle garb, and seems as full of Courtship as of ill manners, can when he pleases, give good words, as well as all speeches; this Head has the face of a Buffoon on one side, and of a States-Man on the other, and has a double row of Teeth in his mouth, with which he chews *Plas*, till they come out of his Mouth all Mealy Gases if they had been in the Mealy Tub. Speak of a *Popish* Plot and he seems mealy mouthed, and licks the Five *Jesuits* Speeches into the Shape of Innocency, speak of a *Presbyterian* Plot, and *Hodge* gapes and shows you on the Top of his Tongue in great Letters branded *Fury* *Eight*, and spouts a Bottle of Foam on your Face, enough to poyson you.

The second Head of *Towzer* is named *Don Rugiero Knight of the Lying Oracle*: It is a long name, having one of the Seven deadly Sins for his God-Father: This is a most useful Head, for without it *Towzer* could do nothing. He much admires himself in this virtuous Head, and values himself much upon his ingenuity; 'tis a kind of a *Gygamine* Head, crested with as much Bride and Graving as a *Lion of Spain*: he is still belching out Lyes, Stories, Littera his mixed with many Fables, *Romances*, *De Quevedoes*, with some Blasphemies intermixed. There is in it a great Talkative Devil, which will not leave chattering from one end of the Week to the other, and yet hardly speaks one word of truth in all that time.

The next head is called *Observator*, (near of Kin to the Knight of the Craving Feb, which is a far more cogent argument for plaguing the world with his Pamphlets than all the Loyalty he boasts of, and this assure you the Beast *Towzer* is not a little proud of, carrying it aloft in the air, tho it has but the braines of a Butter-fly. Twice a week this head speaks, he has not spoken above 83 times in all his life, but then he claws away the *Whiggs*, and the *Protestant Dissenters*, and is almost continually crying between whiles *Bew Waw*, *Waw*, and have a care of *an*. This *Observator* has very little, but sharpe eyes, he can see through a *Millstone*, and spy a mote no bigger then the claw of a Flea, in a *Dissenters* Conscience. This head has a *Divelish* Swallow, ten thousand *Non-conformists* will not fill his Gorge, and swarms of *Presbyterians* are no more to him then a few *Sprats* in a Whales belly. He keeps a continual Watch upon the motion of a *Whigs* tayl; they can scarce piss for him, and nothing can be done in Town or Countrey but he observes it: he holds this head so high as the Dragon on *Bow*, and is something like him, often varying his point, yet hard as Iron, not to be wrought upon by sence or reason. *Old Nick* allows this head a pension of *Silver Saps*, to make him long winded, or else they say he had long since left yelping. Upon his Tongue lies a thick foame of Malice and Revenge, which is a kind of *Man-bane*, and is as poysonous as *Aconite*. There is a certain laughing fellow, with his two men *Jest* and *Earneest*, that with sponges wipes it from his mouth, which they squeeze into a *Dialogue* to poyson the people.

The name of the next head is *Puss Flogger*, he seemes to be somewhat younger then the rest, yet some say it is at least 40 years old, and that it was given him by the women, but of late *Towzer* having worried the *St. Gyles's Catts*, who came a Catterwawling to him, when he was grown past *Age*, they give him that name. It has a very *Tyrannical* look, and something like *Benner*, when he whipt the man in his Coale hole: Speak to him and he presently spits in your face, and shows a row of sharpe teeth like sawes, and cries, Put the *Laws* in Execution, whip the *Dissenting Catts*, Claw um away with *Ropes* and *Halters*, *Fire* & *Faggot*: Against the *Popish Successors* come he has got a petition drawn & ready printed by *N. T.* to be general *Whipmaster* of the *Hereticks*.

The next head was named by *Towzer's* own self, all the other heads put on it the title of *Guide to the serious Clergy*: This has a kind of a Pedants face, very proud, self conceited, foolish, and ridiculous, and upon it a square Cap; he nods gravely if he sees a young Gown-man, speaks sentences, and if he be a *Tantivy*, gently licks him over the face: He draws *Rules* with his mouth, and barks continually of the Church of England; but when he gapes he shoves *Rome* in his Throat, and a *Pope* & *Cardinals* in Procession;

Then the 6th. head eminently shews it self above the rest, called the *Popish Masquerader*. This is a very *Divel* in a *Doublet*, with a black Maske before his face, with a Canker'd tongue: jolling out of its mouth, with a thousand little *State flies* sucking its venom, which they disperse buzzing in *Sam's Coffee house*: on his forehead is writ in Capital Letters, *A Church of England Christian*: he has a great *Roman* nose which inoute he thrusts out of his Masque. If he sees a *Jesuit* he barks, *A Divel*. If he sees a *Non-conformist Minister* he falls a howling *Kebel*, *Traytor*, & *Divel*, with such *Hellish* & *hideous* roars, that he out does *Cerberus*: He has three forked Tongues, one p.a.c. in Mode and Figure of the Church of England established by Law: The other hisses with a gentle

note, against *Rome* hardly to be heard; the other howles, curses and Banns *Calvin*, and his adherents: He is often given out belching of *Presbyterian Plots*, and the sight of a certain *Dollar* makes him disgorge. I know not how many things call'd *Shams*, to cover a *Papish Plot*. He is still slavering at the mouth, and they say he wants *worming*, which none dares undertake, unless the *Devil* would hold his Tongue with a pair of pincers, for it cuts like a law, being harder then a file, sharp as a razor: with this he licks up a *Mans* good name, and grinds it with Slander. He often chews the Cuck like a clean beast: and ruminates on a word till it becomes trite. *True-Protestant* he feeds up with *Hyacks*, and gapes some times as if he had the *Pip*. He has six sets of Teeth, with which he grinds the *Protestant Pamphlets* to powder. A set of *Protestant Book-sellers* and a racket from *Rome* with a *Protestant Observer* in his pipe is an *Ornament* he much feeds on till he surfeits, and then the next day he is sure to vomit nothing but Ink, gall and vinegar. Sometimes he grins, but 'tis always an *unlucky accident*, or at *noye* at the *Loyal Intelligence* making, which he will with his *best* most *artificially*. His mouth is as good as a *Microscope*, it will magnifie a gnar to the *biggest* of *Peas*, and *stuffed* you out an *Asses*, till 'tis hardly to be fathom'd. He is apt to bark in his sleep, and if any body awakens him, he falls on howling, & disturbs the whole Town again. Nothing will quiet him but the name of a *Parliament*, and then he shrinks his head into his belly, and turns into the *Netherlands*.

The next is a *Pert-head* with a whimsical face, something like that usually Car'vd at the end of a *Violin*, or a *base Viol*, and he is called *Fidler*: he is always making of mouths in *Symphony*; he observes his *Crotchets*, and sometimes sings a *Sarab* beyond *Elys*. He prickes up his ears, & shakes his horns, if he hears the name of old *Nob*. He is given to play too much of one Tune *Forty One* which he squeaks out with a hideous noyse and turning up his nose like a Bull after he has smelt to the tayle of a Cow. He has all the motions of a *Tuck-and-dance*, and his Chaps make as good Musick as the *gridiron* & *rongs*. He loves to be a *mirer* and a *warrior*, tho his voice is grown very hoarse of late, in singing *Absalom* & *Achitophel*. He loves much to have a *Fiddling Dialogue* in his Mouth, and naturally whistles *Questions* and *Answers*.

The Title of the next is *Crack-fart*, and is ever making a noyse like a Cart wheel that wants greasing. He has an horrible stinking breath, and smells worse than a *Jakes* that is new emptied. His Chap: are blown up like a bladder, out of which he squeezes *Papistical farts*, to blow away the *Protestant cause*, and now and then he poures out whole peales against an *Ignoramus Jury*: He is like *Boreas* ever blustering, and looks as big at a Criminal Printer, as *Aeolus* himself. At first at the Cracking of his farts the people were afraid, tho' they thought it *thunder*, but since they have been used to it, they are no more concerned then at Hooting of an Owle. The *Hawkers* (a certain kind of squeeking Animals) adore this head and worship it like the golden head of *Daniels* Image, gathering his farts together in paper sheets, which they vent for brats for things.

The next Head, once glorious and brisk, now hangs on one side, as if listening for the coming of *S. George* on *Horseback*, out of the North. This Head is called the *Pres-Inquisitor*. He has been very sick of late, being given over by the *State-Quacks*; dying *Texas* appearing: But this Head being shaven by a *Jesuitical Razor*, and a Cap of quilted Hops put Plaster-wise upon it, the poor thing begins to hear a little on one side. The Name of a *Protestant Printer*, or a private *Pres* makes him start: One *Madam Joan* is now his best Nurse, since he could do no good on the *Printers Wife*, for she denied him a *Sop* in the Pan which he longed for. He hath made a League with the *Pope's Printer*, and both sometimes drink together out of the Hoof of an *Ass*: He is apt to dream, and then in his sleep acts the part of a *sub-ass* among the *Printers*, but when he awakes and finds it a *Dream*, he grows sick and falls a-spewing.

The next is an indefatigable Head that never winces, and is called the *Popes Secretary*. He writes *Dialogues*, *Appeals*, *Histories*, *Observations*, and a thousand other things -- with his Tongue; at the end of which he carries a Goose-quill, like the sting of a Wasp; this he dips into a hole in his nether Chap, fill'd with *Infernal Ink*, mixt with *Venom* of *Toads*, *Spiders*, and *Asps*, and then draws *Characters*, *Satyrs*, and *Observations* on *Dissenters*. He is an Head of *Dispatch*; and will do more in an hour, than *Coleman* could in three moneths. He was born with his Goose-quill in his mouth, which is perpetually wagging, and writes faster than he who wrote with his feet. He is to dictate for the *Secretary of State*, when the *Pope* sets up his Throne in the *Western Island*, and till then he is fain to write for a small Pension. He employs several under-Scribes that are lodged in a certain Office called *Newgate*, who sometimes turn his *Rasling* into *Dogril*.

The next Head of this Monster is of *Kint* to the last, and is called the *Dissenters Registrar*. He is a very filthy Beast, and has a very black Tongue, foul with licking of *Sinks*, *Dunghills*, *Jakes*, and *Leisals*; He lives upon *Carrion*; and is so greedy, that with his Teeth he digs persons out of their Graves: He seeks after Rottenness; and a wicked or unclean saying makes him laugh again; He has an excellent memory, and can quote you all the abominations since *Adam*. He has them by rote, and can sing them *Dialogue-wise*: 'Tis a snarling Cur, and snaps at every Body. He understands the Language of the Beast, and would have *Obscenity* to be placed among the *Liberal Sciences*; he has for all that but an *hanging look*, and begins to be troubled with a *Le-thargy*.

The last Head looks almost like an *Irish Evidence*, and squints as bad upon the Peace of the Government; 'Tis a bold, sawcy, impudent, malepert Head; and is called *Tory*: He makes a rumbling

noise like a Wheel-barrow : his mouth is full of Oaths and Curfes ; and *God dam me* is his hourly *Letany* ; He has a prodigious mouth, and a great head, which is stuff with *Rodomontadoes* ; *Whig* is his Eternal Enemy which he hates as much as *Cam* did his Brother, and whom he would devour if he could come at him. He is a very carnivorous *Canibal* ; and would make an *Irish Meal* of all the *Whigs* in *Christendom*. Name *Centus* and he grows mad, and troublefom to all his Brother-Heads : *Rome* is the onely *Antidote* for his Distemper, which he adores as the Elephant does the Moon. He loves neither *Parliaments*, nor *Juries* ; and cries out, the King is as *Absolute* as the great Turk. He is of a *Torrid* and cruel *Aspect*, yet they say he is a meer *Coward*. He loves not *Magna Charta*. The Names of *Property*, *Rights*, and *Privileges* of the *People*, will put him into a fit of yelling not *A. P. — t.* for *Sr. K. R.* and *Es.* cause that's to be kept private until a meet season to divulge it (which is not to be stopped by any means, but by singing a *Sirreverence* into his mouth,) and then he falls on sputtering as if you had done him an injury. He loves to gulp down *Healtbs*, and then to belch up *Faction* : There is a flame steaming from his mouth, which he calls the *Bane* of *Herricks*. He makes a great noise, and looks always as if he was drunk : He would be thought to roar like a *Lion*, but his *Voyce* resembles the *Braying* of an *Ass* : He loves noise and confusion, and greedily desires to set the *World* together by the *Ears* ; He cries up the *Bishops*, and the *Church of England*, but secretly receives *Sops* from *Jesuites* and *Priests*, and hopes onely in the *Pope* and a *Papish Succession*.

*This TOWZER is, who is a Monster grown ;
Has now Twelve Heads, who once had half a one :
At first appeared like a Cub of Bear or Ape ;
But now you see's lick'd himself to scape :
Sure, 'Tis monstrous or 'tis STRANGE at least,
So many Heads should stand upon one BEAST.
One Halter once he broke, and ran away,
Two Halters now will hardly make him stay,
Take up the Protestant Past, and safely house her,
For on her scent runs the Hell hound Towzer.*

POSTSCRIPT.

That we may fully inform the Reader how Suitable this great present is in *Humours* and *Qualities* to the Person which the *Beast* is presented unto ; I have recited this following description which was sent after him, during the Session of the last Parliament, that sat at *Westminster*.

A HUE and CRY

After a *Strange* old *Yorkish-Tike*, full of *Black* and *Blew*, *Red* and *Yellow Spots*, of a *Motley*, *Dun*, *Brindle*, *Ill-liver'd Colour*, neither *Mastiff*, *Mungrel*, *Tumbler*, *Lap-Dog*, nor *Setter*, *Bull-Dog* or *Bear-Dog*, *Wolf-Dog* or *Sheep-biter*, But all of them : Of a *Strange amphibious Nature*, lives on land or on water, in Court or in Kennel, run away from his Master about the twenty sixth — seen on Saturday last behind a Coach between Sam's Coffe-house, and Madam Celliers. Whoever hath or shall take him up, have especial care of him, (unless you know his ill qualities) for he has a thousand Dog-tricks (viz.) to fetch for the Papists, carry for the Protestants, whine to the King, dance to Noll's fiddle, fawn on the Courtier, leap at their Crusts, wag his tail at all bitches, hunt counter to the Plot, Tongue-Pad the Evidence, and cringe to the Crucifix ; but above all this, he has one damn'd old trick of slipping the Halter : If there be any that can give notice of this dangerous Cur, to the men in Authority (who hath been several dayes in Grand Quest after him) or bring him (if he be not already) to the sign of the *Popes Demi-Culverin*, next door to the *Masquerade Committee*, in the Street of *St. Lud.* or to the *Tantivy Abhorrrers*, at the *Levitical-Club-house*, in *Ave-Mary-Alley*, so that he may be yed up from his meat, for the good of the Publick, he will do his Country good service, the Protestants Right, the Law Justice, the K. a kindness, undeceive the Church, and himself a mighty favour in obtaining the mark Royal, of a Loyal true English man, a right good Protestant, and a hearty lover of his K. and Country ; all which shall be paid him down (on the spot) for his honest care and pains.

